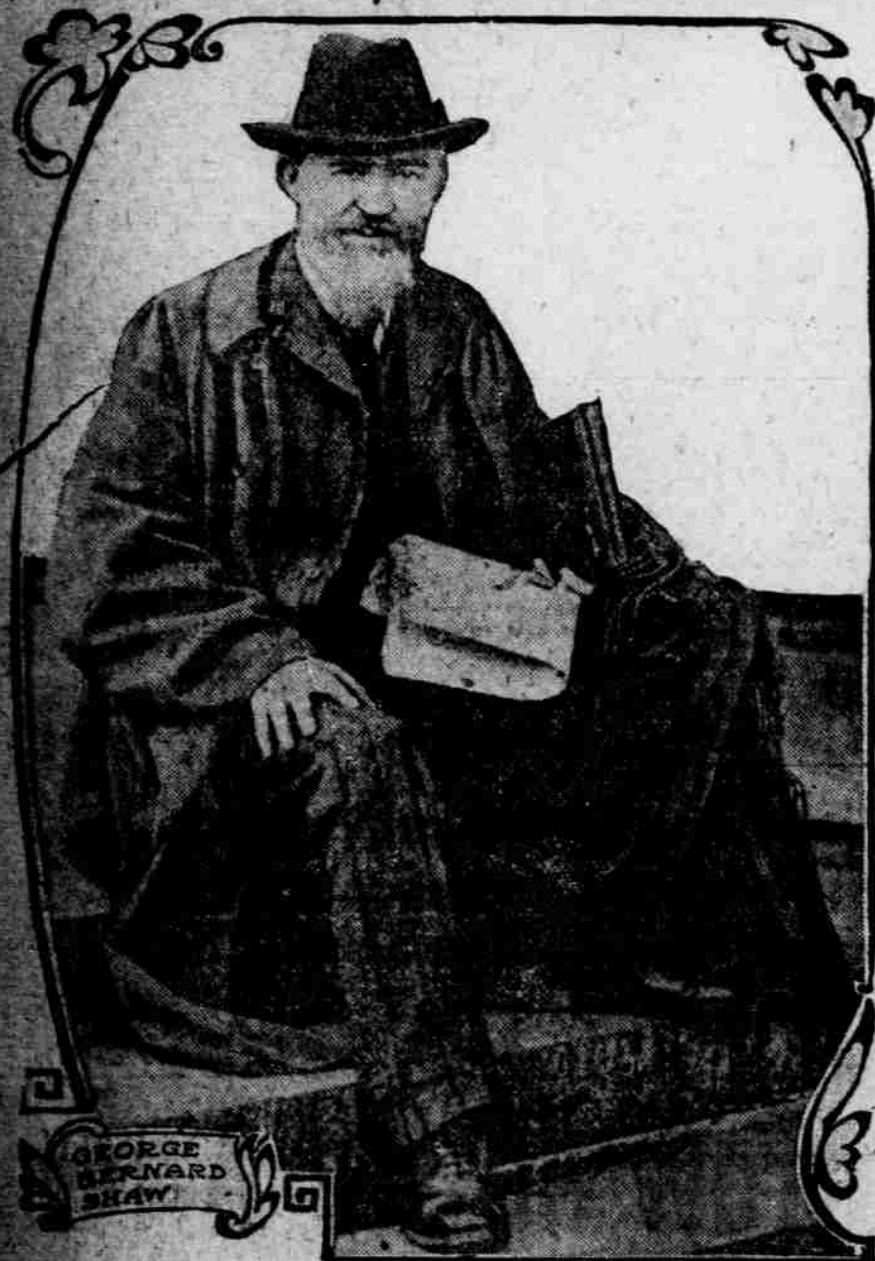


GEORGE BERNARD SHAW IS COMING OVER TO HAVE FUN WITH AMERICA



George Bernard Shaw, the author, playwright and wit, is expected to arrive in the United States on Aug. 15, remaining until the convention of the playwrights is held in Chicago on Jan. Shaw has never been to America, but he has had a great deal of fun at our expense, and very probably he will have some startling information to impart to the old world concerning our manners and customs when he returns to London. His views of doings in America have not always taken a pleasant turn either, for he has frequently said that the execution of the Chicago anarchists for the Haymarket murders was a national disgrace. He also was very bitter when the play "Mrs. Warren's Profession" was stopped by the New York police.

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The Man From Brodney's

By GEORGE BARR
M'CUTCHEON

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"He would not have been my captive in any event. I could do no more than deliver him into the hands of his enemies. Would that be fair?"

"But he is a thief!"

"No more so than Taswell Skaggs and John Wyckholme, who unquestionably cheated the natives out of the very treasure we have seen carried away. I am not a constable nor a thief catcher. I am a soldier of the defense, not an officer of the crown, at this stage of the game. Today I shall contrive to send word to Rasula that Von Blitz has stolen the treasure chests. Mr. Von Blitz will have a sad time explaining this little defection to his friends. We must not overlook the fact that Lady Deppingham and Robert Browne are quite willing to take everything from the islanders. Everything that Taswell Skaggs and John Wyckholme possessed in this island belongs to them under the terms of the will."

They were at the top of the second flight of stairs by this time and quite a distance from the treasure chamber. His coolness, the absence of any sign of retreating sentiment, was puzzling her sorely. Half an hour before she had been carried away, rendered helpless, by the passion that swayed him. Now he spoke and looked as if he had forgotten the result of his storming. Strangely enough, she was piqued.

When they came into the well lighted upper corridor he proceeded ruthlessly to upset all of her harsh calculations. He stopped suddenly, stepping directly in front of her. As she drew up in surprise he reached down and took both of her hands in his. For the moment she was too amazed to oppose this sudden action. She looked up into his face, many emotions in her own—reproof, wonder, dismay, hauteur, joy.

"Wait," he said gently. They were quite alone. She saw the most wonderful light in his gray eyes. Her lips parted in quick, timorous confusion. "I love you. I am sorry for what I did down there. I couldn't help it—nor could you. Yet I took a cruel advantage of you. I know what you've been thinking too. You have been saying to yourself that I wanted to see how far I could go. Don't speak. I know! You are wrong. I've absolutely worshipped you since those first days in Thorberg, wildly, hopelessly, day and night. I was afraid of you—yes, afraid of you because you are a princess. But I've got over all that, Geneva. You are a woman, a living, real woman, with the blood and the heart and the lips that were made for men to crave. I want to tell you this here in the light of day, not in the darkness that hid all the truth in me except that which you might have felt in my kiss."

"Please—please don't," she said once more, her lip trembling, her eyes full of the softness that the woman who loves cannot hide. "You shall not go on! It is wrong!"

"It is not wrong!" he cried hotly. "My love is not wrong. I want you to understand and to believe. I can't hope that you will be my wife. It's too wildly improbable. You are not for such as I. You are pledged to a man of your own world, your own exalted world. But listen, Geneva. See, my eyes call you darling even though my lips dare not. Geneva, I'd give my soul to hear you say that you will be my wife. You do understand how it is with me?"

"The delicious sense of possession thrilled her. She glowed with the return of her self esteem, in the restoration of that quality which proclaimed her a princess of the blood. She was sure of him now. She was sure of herself. She had her emotions well in hand. And so, despite the delicious warmth that swept through her being, she chose to reveal no sign of it to him. "I do understand," she said quietly, meeting his gaze with a directness that hurt him sorely. "And you, too, understand. I could not be your wife. I am glad, yet sorry, that you love me, and I am proud to have heard you say that you want me. But I am a sensible creature, Mr. Chase, and being sensible, am therefore selfish. I have seen women of my unhappy station venture outside of their narrow confines in the search for lifelong joy with men who might have been kings had they not been born under happier stars—men of the great wide world instead of the soulless, heartless patch which such as I call a realm. Not one in a hundred of those women found the happiness they were so sure of grasping just outside their prison walls. It was not in the blood. We must marry and live and die in the sphere to which we were born. We must go through life unloved and uncherished, bringing princes into the world, seeing happiness and love just beyond our reach all the time. We are bound by chains no force can break—the chains of prejudice."

She had withdrawn her hands from his. He was standing before her as calm and unmoved as a statue. "Just the same," he went on gently, "you love me as I love you. You kissed me. I could feel love in you then. I can see it in you now. You will marry Prince Karl in June, and all the rest of your life will be bleak December. You will never forget this month of March—our month." He paused for a moment to look deeply into her incredulous eyes. His face writhed in sudden pain. Then he burst forth with



"I love you."

"a vehemence that startled her. 'My God, I pity you with all my soul! All your life!'"

"I cannot pity me!" she cried fiercely.

"Forgive me! I shouldn't say such things to you. It's as if I were bullying you."

"You must not think of me as unhappy—ever. Go on your own way, Hollingsworth Chase, and forget that you have known me. You will find happiness with some one else. You have loved before; you can and will love again. I—I have never loved before, but perhaps, like you, I shall love again. You will love again?" she demanded, her lip trembling with an irresolution she could not control.

"Yes," he said calmly. "I'll love the wife of Karl Brabetz."

She started violently. Her cheek went red and white and her eyes widened as her thoughts went back to the naive prophecy in the treasure chamber.

She followed him slowly to the terrace. He stopped in the doorway and leisurely drew forth his cigarette case. "Shall we wait for the explosion?" he asked without a sign of the emotion that had gone before. She gravely selected a cigarette from the case which he extended. As he lighted his own he watched her draw from her little gold bag a diamond studded case half filled. Without a word of apology she calmly deposited the cigarette in the case and restored it to the bottom of the bag.

Then she looked up brightly. "I am not smoking, you see," she said, with a smile. "I am saying all of these for you when the famine comes."

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, something like incredulity in the smile that transfigured his face.

"I could be a thrifty housewife, couldn't I?" she asked naively.

At that moment a dull, heavy report as of distant thunder came to their ears. The windows rattled sharply, and the earth beneath them seemed to quiver. Involuntarily she drew nearer to him.

"You could if you had half a chance," he said dryly and then casually remarked the explosion.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE DISQUIETING END OF PONS.

LATER on he and Deppingham visited the underground chamber, accompanied by Mr. Britt. They found that the door to the passage had been blown away by the terrific concussion. The subterranean passage at this place was completely filled with earth and stone.

Deppingham stared at the closed mouth of the passage. "They've cut off our exit, but they've also secured us from invasion from this source. I wonder if the beggars were clever enough to carry the plunder above the flood line. If not they've had their work for nothing."

"Selim says there is a cave near the mouth of the passage," said Chase. "The tunnel comes out halfway up the side of the mountain overlooking the sea, and the hole is very carefully screened by the thick shrubbery. Trust Von Blitz to do the safe thing."

"I don't mind Von Blitz escaping so much," Chase said, his lordship earnestly, "as I do the unfortunate closing of what may have been our way to leave the chateau in the end."

"You must think me an ungrateful fool," said Chase bitterly. He had already stated his position clearly.

"Not at all, old chap. Don't get that into your head. I only meant that a hole in the ground is worth two warships that won't come when we need 'em."

Chase looked up quickly. "You don't believe that I can call the cruisers?"

"Oh, come now, Chase; I'm not a damned native, you know."

The other grinned amiably. "Well, you just wait, as the boys say."

After satisfying themselves that there was no possibility of the enemy

ever being able to enter the chateau through the collapsed passage the trio returned to the upper world.

Robert Browne and Lady Agnes were seated on the edge of the fountain in Apollo's grotto, conversing earnestly, even eagerly, with Mr. Bowles, who stood before them in an unmistakable attitude of indecision and perturbation. Deppingham gave Chase a look which plainly revealed his uneasiness.

"You don't mean to say, Lord Deppingham, that you're afraid the heirs will follow the advice of that rattle-headed Saunders?" said Chase, with a laugh. "Why, it wouldn't hold in court for a second. Ask Britt."

Britt cleared his throat. "Not for half a second," he said. "I'm only wondering if Bowles has authority to grant divorces."

"I dare say he has," said Deppingham, tugging at his mustache. "He's—he's a magistrate."

"It doesn't follow," said Chase, "that he has unlimited legal powers."

"But what are they raging him about down here, Chase?" blurted out the unhappy Deppingham.

"Come in and have a drink," said Chase suddenly. Deppingham was shivering. "You've got a chill in that damp cellar. I can assure you positively as representative of the opposition that the grandchildren of Skaggs and Wyckholme are not going to divorce or marry anybody while I'm here, Britt and Saunders and Bowles to the contrary. And Lady Deppingham is no fool. Come on and have something to warm the cockles."

"All right, old chap," Deppingham said, with a sigh. "I am chilled to the bone. I'll join you in a few minutes." To their surprise, he started off across the terrace in the direction of the consulting trio.

"Just the same, Chase," said Britt after a long silence, "he's worried, and not about marriage or divorce either. He's jealous. I didn't believe it was in him."

"See here, Britt; you've no right to stir him up with those confounded remarks about divorce. You know that it's not 'Don't do it'."

"My dear Chase," said Britt, waving his hand serenely, "I can't help laughing at the position you're in at present. It doesn't matter what you get on to in connection with our side of the case, you're where you can't take advantage of it without getting killed by your own clients. Horrible paradox, eh?"

When Deppingham rejoined them he was pale and very nervous. His wife, who had been weeping, came up with him, while Browne went off toward the stables with the ex-banker.

"What do you think has happened?" demanded his lordship, addressing the two men, who stood by irresolutely. "Somebody's trying to poison us! Lady Deppingham's dog is dead—poisoned, gentlemen!" He was wiping the moisture from his brow.

"I'm sorry, Lady Deppingham," said Chase earnestly. "He was a nice dog. But I hardly think he could have eaten what was intended for any of us. If he was poisoned, the poison was meant for him and for no one else. He bit one of the stable boys yesterday. It—"

"That may all be very true, Chase," protested his lordship, "but don't you see it goes to show that some one has a stock of poison on hand, and we may be the next to get it. He died half an hour after eating—after eating a biscuit that was intended for me! It's—it's damned uncomfortable, to say the least."

"I'm sure you need the brandy after all this. Come along. Will you join us, Lady Deppingham?" said Chase.

"No, I'm going to bed!" She started away, then stopped and looked at her husband, her eyes wide with sudden comprehension. "Oh, Deppy, I should have died! I should have died!"

"My dear!"

"I couldn't have lived if—"

"But, my dear, I didn't eat it—and here we are. God bless you!" He turned abruptly and walked off beside her, ignoring the two distressed Americans. As they passed through the French window Deppingham put his arm about his wife's waist. Chase turned to Britt.

"I don't know what you're thinking, Britt, but it isn't so, whatever it is."

"Good Lord, man, I wasn't thinking that!"

"There was not the slightest doubt in the minds of those conversant with the situation that the poison had been intended for either Lord or Lady Deppingham. The drug had been subtly, skillfully placed in one of the sandwiches which came up to their rooms at 11 o'clock, the hour at which they invariably drank off a cup of bouillon. (To be Continued.)"

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